

THE ROTTENNESS OF KANSAS ASYLUMS.

A present national, state and municipal fashion is "investigation." Commissions, committees, grand juries and court martials are all busy investigating. over, investigating departments, legislators, city councilmen, investigating officials, institutions, contractors, employes and what not. A suspicion of rottenness and of crookedness universally prevails, is endemic and epidemic. The attack of corruption on the body politic is esteemed virulent, and honesty in civic life exceptional. Investigations of every character for the most part are inspired by newspaper criticism, which in nagging on an overly senstive and suspicious public conscience, ends in an investigation, the results of which, as a rule, are nil. Investigation in being a fad, investigators are becoming a graft. Perquisites and emoluments are a cognation of, and adhere to and inhere in every investigation. The investigators in making a showing for their stipulated renumeration are necessarily compelled to discover something that is angular or fraudulent, to find some perfidy or foul play, or that is disputable, fishy, slippery or ignominous. It is that for which they were appointed, commissioned and

Last winter some newspaper exploited the suspicion that the Kansas state insane asylums were places of torture; of inhuman treatment, of vile debauchery and illicit intriguing. In following up the lead the newspapers developed the fact that both at the Topeka and Osawatomie asylums a few attendants had been guilty of occasional brutality. The heads of these institutions were found to be of the affairs of the institutions reputable and praiseworthy. That which was found to be wrong could have been righted without farther cost, trouble or scandal. But the spirit of investigation being abroad the legislature commissioned a committee to put in the summer stirring up a stink. The said committee have just turned in their report, which we have read, as we have also been for a week reading the editorial reviews of that report. There are absolutely no new facts embodied in the report, nor any new ideas or suggestions in the aforesaid editorial comments. It was all a great cry and little wool. But then there is the satisfaction of an ininvestigation and the pride of paying for it. The calcium light of the resolve for probity upon the part of public officials having been turned on is now turned off, and the public conscience can take a restful snooze until the next cry of corruption and demand for investigation alarm the land.

THE UNLUCKY YEAR OF 1903.

The above digits foot up the fateful number of 13. Whether that number is unlucky or not or whether the horiscopes of the prognostications are but hot air or not this year of Anno Domini 1903 seems bent on a record of calamity. We had April weather in March, June weather in May, no spring to speak of, floods for weeks and a summer hot as hades coming on in a single day, and finally a drouth verging on the proverbial hot wind. The bottom has meanwhile dropped out of the stock market, the Pope has died, assassination has been rampant in Servia, revolutions in South American states in which two or three dozen people were accidentally killed, an average daily railway wreck, mobs and lynchings galore, prison extrications, suicides, murders and a three-tailed comet, to say nothing of the spots on the sun and death from mosquito bites. For the first seven months of this to be, memorable year the fight along every line has been to a finish, with the Missouri boodling cases still hanging fire and the postoffice scandal, involving more and more unsuspected patriots, growing more scandalous every day. With no campaign on till next year there seems nothing to do but to resignedly wait until congress meets and adjourns for the holidays, thereby affording the opportunity of ushering in a new year whose digits will figure up more than

IT WILL BE A GREAT SHOW.

For a year or two the majority of people were inclined to conviction that the St. Louis exposition would prove more of a sectional than a national show, that a World's Fair it would not be in the same class as the Columbian exposition of '93 in Chicago. But after a postponement and as time goes on it is becoming evident that the Louisiana Purchase exposition is going to be the greatest spectacular and educational exhibit ever witnessed in any country. Good authorities not connected with the big exposition say that it will be the greatest and best demonstration ever made of the progress of the arts and sciences of the world. That is good news, and it is the wish of all sections of the country that the putronage received shall be equal to the merits of the immense undertaking which has been bravely carried on by a city very much smaller than Paris or Chicago, the only places where an international exposition has been held on a scale approaching the magnitude of the newest enterprise of like

THE CHURCHES COMING TOGETHER.

Nothing so gratifying and so promising for the future has occurred in the realm of church life and work during the present year, says a writer in Les-He's, as the various movements set on foot for a reunion among the separated branches of several denominations and also for a larger degree of unity and co-operation among the churches generally, irrespective of denominational lines. More and more the feeling is growing among carnest and thoughtful churchmen of all sects and croeds that the churches are wasting valuable means and energies by keeping up so many divisions among themselves; and that while organic unity among all denominations te Christendom must be regarded as impracticable.

even if it were desirable, there is no good reason why, for example, the Baptists should be split up among themselves into thirteen distinct and separ ate bodies the Methodisis into seventeen, or the Presbyterians into twelve, and it is evident enough that until something is done to bring the scattered members of these denominational families together it is useless to expect that the greater and more serious divisions between the church will be bridged

CYCLONES IN THE EAST.

The former popular bener that the so-called "cyclones" were peculiar to the tornado helt of the west will have to be abandoned, for it appears to have been demonstrated that these destructive storms can occur aimost anywhere.

Within recent years tornadoes have developed in the eastern section of the United States-in New England and in Pennsylvania, and only the other day one of them swept through the city of Paterson, N. J. There was no "funnel-shaped cloud" with this tornado, but it out a swath through the city at least four hundred feet wide, demolished over thirty houses and damaged more than three hundred. Three persons were killed and scores badiv hurt. Big trees were felled and others were twisted off in such a manner as to indicate the real nature of the storm.

THE POPE'S PET PIGEON.

The Rome correspondent of the Lokal Anzeiger says that the Pope had been in the habit for a long time of feeding a pigeon which came to his bedroom window every morning. The bird is very tame and was evidently attached to the pontiff,

A few days before his demise the pigeon alighted and finding the window closed, tapped upon it with its beak. The Pope heard the sound and ordered that the window be opened, whereupon the hird entered the room and perched on the bed.

The Pope sent his valet for crumbs and fed the pigeon from his hand, meanwhile caressing its feathers. He instructed the valet to see that the bird was fed after his death.

"PRAIRIE FIRE."

(Virgie E. Roe). The sun went in at dim, high, portals of massed cloud

And closed the doors, The soft warm air Breathed o'er the prairies like a soul, which loving

Has lost its love, And seeks forever for it in a vague despair. A waiting hush fell on the music of the grass A small wild bird

Fluttered uneasily around her drowsing brood and A feeling of vague awe presaged a coming ill,

A plains-born steed Oh phophet true! Raised high his head and heard the story from the

And with a call Stretched out his matchless, graceful strength toward the north, To south and west

Spread that strange silence of the plains. A dull, red glow Began to blush against the gateway of the night And sing.

The spirit of the winds, all mad with joy came out To welcome it And scatter all

The smell of smoke and fire and burning o'er the land And bid it fear, Great clouds of flame fled to the sky in short-lived

While others still Reached up their plumy palms in "Benedicite" Of death.

Th sky, the universe, was one vast flood of fire, Of mercy void

Not sparing e'en the small, defenseless, crying things That hurried, blind, away before its awful might

Engulfing all. It came and roured itself away across the land, And quickly died.

And left a still, great darkness brooding; here and A lingering spark, or shadows which exhaled a scent Of flesh.

Missouri papers are advising Attorney Folk as to what they esteem his plain duty. The indications all are that he understands his plain duty and is discharging it with such effect as will make it convenient for the legislature of that state to hold its next session in the penitentiary, thereby saving both mileage and per diem and where it would be safe from outside boodling influences

Leung Kai Chen, who desires to down Tsi An, the usurping old Dowager who holds four hundred millions beneath her imperious thumb, is esteemed by the Chinese to be the greatest all-round scholar of the past four thousand years. Wu Ting Fang, who was such a fad oracle in America, two years ago, is now holding down a cierkship in the celestial

The mayor of Topeka, facing a big deficiency, is advocating the licensing of every character of street vehicle, including, we suppose, the go-cart, buggy, auto, wheelbarrow, carriage, back, dray and lumber wagon. No man could be elected mayor of Wichita advocating such a policy where the average voter boasts from one to three vehicles,

The newspapers of Colorado are whining because of the falling off of visiting tourists this summer, in number only one-third of last summer, and wondering why. The esteemed for information are urred to read the fool game law passed by the Colorado legislature last winter.

The heir apparent to the throne of Persia, the Shah of the land of Omar Kahyan, is coming to view the wheat fields of Kansas, via the St. Louis exposition next year, it is said. The magnificence his entourage surpasses that of any potentate

Death, armed with that old blood-stained scythe, and wearing his time-strained, meagre, hungry-smile, is after Carnegie, who is trying to die poor, by urthening other people with about ten per cent of his ever increasing income. "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye

of a needle than for a rich man to enter the King-dom of God." Hadn't Andrew Carnegle better stop giving long enough to study up some new scheme It looks as though Kansas was sure of the Vice-Presidency in any and all events. The Republican

love, while the Pop party has consented to accept For every ten cents per ton conceded to the miner the coal consumer is mulcted for about 30 cents advance; still the consumer is morally im-

party is talking Bristow and the Democratic of Mack

pelled to stand by the miner in his demands. Nations rise and fall while races survive, but who wouldn't rather be a billygout than be a Chinaman, or be a peucock that a Frenchman?

Kansas City is inflating her municipal revenues by arresting returning harvest hands from Kancas and fining them for vagrancy.

Grover Cleveland's' elucidation of the capitallabor question failed of elucidating. It lacked vinegar and the moinsses was of a poor quality.

THE LYNCHING BEE.

"You can get the midnight train, Smathers," said the city editor, handing Smathers a sheet of "filmsy" from the news association. "There ought to be a corking good story in it," he added, and straightway turned his attento other matters, forgetting this one for the time, after the manner of city editors. Smathers, being experienced, looked first at the clock and then at the "filmsy to make sure of the name of the place he was to go to and then, stuffing the paper in his pocket for perusal later on, he hurried from the office without a word.

When he arrived next morning at the county seat of whither he had been sent, he wondered a little He had been in the straggling little town several times before, and had always found something to amuse him in the quaint manners and frank speech of the mountaineers who made up its population. Uncouth as they seemed to a city man, they were sociable and friendly enough and even seemed to percive and appreciate some of their own number, which to a stronger was simply delicious,

Today, however, there was a visible constraint that puzzled him. The station master, with whom he had chatted freely on h's previous visits, made a perfectly transparent pretext of being extremely busy and vouchsafed no answer whatever when Smathers began question ing him concerning the story he had come to investigate. The grizzled old stage driver who drove him to the village tavern, where Smathers had stopped before, was equally non-communicative, and this seemed equally unaccountable, since he had a voluble habit,

Had there been a lynching party in town the night before? Well, realty, he couldn't say. 'Peared like hed heer'd sumpin' about sumpin', but he didn't know nothin about it for certain. And Smathers, being, as was said, experienced in his business, forebore to question him further when he found that he was really reluctant to talk. And even the landlord at the tavern, who had previously taken great pride in guiding a live reporter around the place and had even "hitched up a team" with his own hands to drive him over to the scene of a tragely some miles away, giving him minute details of the family history of every one concerned, while the horses trotted along the smooth roads as if they were out for a record even he was taciture this morning and met Smathers' queries with the counter query of what he would like for breakfast. Nor did any of these three nor any other whom Smathers saw that morning give him a smile of welcome or meet his eye willingly

Now there are ways and ways for getting a story for publication. Much depends upon the time one has to work in; more, perhaps, on the temperament of the reporter and the number of years he has been in the busiporter had come on the train with him and that no other train would arrive for several hours. Moreover, he had until midnight, if necessary, to get his story in at the office. .Thank fortune! his paper was not one of those that issue seven regular editions in the afternoon, with "extras" at irregular intervals between times.

Under the circumstances he determined to adopt the method which he had found by repeated experiments was tolerably sure to bring a maximum of result with minimum of effort; so after finishing his breakfast he lighted a big black eigar, which he did not buy at the tavern, and, choosing a conspicuous seat on the front plazza, he put his feet on the ra'ling and smoked, walting with calm and confidence for some village gossip to approach him bursting with importance and great masses of information, interesting and otherwise, but none came A mile up the road stood the county juil. Legally it was a penitentiary, but architecturally, and in the commen speech of the neighborhood it was a mere juit-not a very imposing one at that nor well adapted to the secure keeping of any desperate or experienced criminal,

out serving well enough the purposes of a community where law was seldom violated and customs were as primitive as they were well ordered. As he walked up the dusty road he saw here and there mall groups of the townspeople, talking together earnestly, though in a subdued fashlon, much as people gather in a churchyard while the gravediggers are busy gruesome task, but with the difference that these whom he saw this morning seemed to be excited in some curious way. No one was noisy, but there were suppressed energy in their gestures and earnestness in

ly and without a look in his direction. The men strolled away aimlessly, and the women vanished inside their uses before he came near enough to accost them, This must be the way the lepers walked abroad is the olden times." he muttered to himself grimly, but he went on steadily, wasting no time in any effort to gain the

their manner sufficient to arouse his wonder had he not

known that thre had been happenings. But as he ap-

eached one group after another they all dispersed quiet-

speech of those who had none for him. As he approached the jail he saw that the warden was sitting outside on the low stone steps. He had seen him before, and had admired the rugged strength that kept the white-haired old man as erect and active as a boy. was not dimmed nor his natural force abated," and in his stordy, natural simplicity he had seemed an ideal

Today he sat with his bare head bowed low and his disordered hair tossing about in the breeze. Sitting thus, with muscles relaxed and his eyes fixed on the ground, he seemed old indeed and feeble. Nor was there any animation in his manner when he heard Smathers' tread on the neatly graveled walk and looked up inquiringly,

"He you the dep'ty?" he asked, dully, "No," said Smathers; 'I'm a reporter.

"Oh," said the old man, "I thought mebbe you was from the sheriff. I sent him word this mornin'. He'd oughter been here by this or sent some one. I can't look

Smathers sat down on the step beside him. It seemed a brutal thing to ask questions, After a few minutes the old man roused himself. "You

may you're a reporter?" he asked listlersly. "Yes," said Smathers. Well, you'll have to know it all, then. Mebbe it's

better for me to tell it. Then you'll get it straight." He paused, and, shuddering violently, dropped his face again, putting up both hands to hide it. Presently the old man spoke again, slowly and monotonously as if reading a difficult manuscript, uncertain of some of the words but deciphering them all after little delays here and there

"It was nigh sundown yesterday," he said, "when there was three men fetched a prisoner here. They ketched him in the woods, close to the goad, with a white in' to find what the trouble was, but when they come up she was night dead an' couldn't holler no more. They caught the man-he was a nigger-an' three of 'em then brought him here, an' the other-there was four of 'emput the girl in the wagon an' drove off to find a doctor. 'I locked him up. He's in there now," motioning be

hind as he spoke "You can see him if you want to, but he hain't spoke a word since he come in. Then about 'round an' told me the girl was my little granddaughter Sallie. She was a pretty little girl, tio, only fourteen

Weil, her father-that was my son John, as fine a man as there was in the county an' my only son-he was away on some business, an' he didn't get home till late. When he did get home Saille was dead, an' they told him bout it. There were forty or fifty of the neighbors ready to right for the jail here to take the nigrer out, and I'd been warped, so I was lookin' for 'em, but 'pears like it he comes with 'em.

I had everything locked an barred as strong as I my head out of the window upstairs an' warned 'em to disperse. I was all alone inside for I don't have only one helper in the jail, an' he was away. I reckon he was in the crowd, but I don't know, Well they said they wanted the nigger an' I said they couldn't have him. Then John tood out I'm among 'em an' said: Pap, we're coing to have him out, an' we're going 'to kill him. You can't stop us, an' the best thing you can do is to open the door, or if you don't want to do that, just keep out o' the way. We'll break the door down, all right."

seen there was no use arguin' with 'em, an' all I said was: I'm here to keep this just an I'll give you warnin I'll shoot the first man that breaks in

Then I heer'd 'em talkin' an' some said 'The old mun don't mean it. It was his own granudalighter und he's more likely to help pull the rope.' So I didn't say no

Then they stove in the door with a piece o' timber, an come in. An' I fired, the I said I would, an I killed John. You can see his body justice when the sheriff comes. When they seen what I'd done, an' seen that I was ready to shoot again, they all went away. And the old man burded his face to his hands agein

and said no more. As Smathers rode homeward on the afternoon train he swore softly to himself. "Why can't I write like Vistor Hugo?" he thought bitterly .- David A . Curtis in the

FUN OF THE WORLD.

A secretary of a fire insurance company tells of an woman who called on an agent to arrange for insurance on her house and furniture. "We haven't had no insurance for five years," she explained, ."we hev jes' been dependin' on the Lord; but I says to my o'd mon, I says, that it's terrible risky, I says.

REHEN

When Henry Irving was rehearsing for his production of "Faust," he experienced much difficulty in straining the exuberance of the supers, who persisted in being light-hearted, even in hades. Sir Henry is proverbially long-suffering about such matters, but his patience finally gave out, and he thundered; "Kindly remember that you are supposed to be in hell, not picnicking at Hampstead heath.

once traveling together through the Alleghaney Moun-

tains. Blackburn went into the smeking-room and re-

Senators Blackburn and Lindsay, of Kentucky were

turned in a few minutes looking so much depressed that Lindsay asked: "What's the matter, Joe?" "Why, I've lost the better part of my baggage," said Blackburn in heartbroken tones. "Was it stolen or did you leave it "Worse than either-the cork came out." Charles Dudley Warner, who was editor of the Hartford Press in the sixties, was one day confronted by a compositor, who said: "Well, Mr. Warner, I've decided to

calist in the army." The editor was pleased and replied

that he was glad to see the man felt the call of duty and

"Oh, it ain't that," remarked the printer, "but I'd rather be shot than to try to set any more of your damn Mrs. Leslie M. Shaw, wife of the secretary of the

treasury, has always been noted for her wit. It is said that a young man of humorous bent one day exclaimed in "What could be more dreadful for a woman than after mending her busband's coat to find in one of the pockets a love-letter of another woman?" "Fortunately," said Mrs. Shaw, "that could never happen. The woman would find the letter first and then she would not mend the coat."

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I was telling Arthur about the queer case of William H. Hunt, of Texas.

"A few years ago." said I, "the supreme court of the United States declared him dead, and now he has been arrested

"For swindling a life insurance company." "Oh!" said Authur, "I thought probably it was for

contempt of court.' * * # # #

The other night the colored pastor of the Wheat Street Raptist church spoke a welcome to Booker T. Washington, says the Atlanta Constitution. Paster Bryant is a 'rousement" preacher. In the course of his speech he said he could imagine "the angels leaving the battlements of heaven to kneel at the foot of the throne and beg for furloughs to perch on the stars outside and hear Booker T. Washington speaking wisdom and patriotism!"

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Henry Labourchere says that the speeches of Lord Rosebery always remind him of the description given by Prince Bismarck of a certain Prussian statesman "At first he would have a nopinion, then he weakened it by self-contradiction, then again an objection to the contradiction occurred to him, until at last nothing remained. He was a clever speaker, but not inclined to action; indeed, he resembled an India-rubber ball, which hops, and hops, but more feebly every time, until at last it comes to a full stop."

H H H H

Notwithstanding his twenty-two years of service on the bench, Lord Justice Mathew still preserves that clasof spirit and love of a joke which has distinguished him all through his career, relates the Westminster Gazette. One of his remarks recently created great merriment in the court of appeal. A learned King's ounsel was arguing the question as to what is an "accident," and was putting instances of what he considered would properly come within that term, and what, on the other hand, would not "Suppose," said he, "some were to hit me in the eye and my eye became black in consequence, the fact of it becoming black could not be called an accident." "Perhaps not." said the Lord justice, "but you would doubtless explain it on that ground."

At a certain London church the collection used to be made in nicely embroidered bans, but, so many old buttons and stale pieces of chocolate being put in, it was usual number of coppers and three-penny pieces were put in, but among them a bright yellow shining piece was observable. On Monday morning there were more callers than usual at the vestry, some of them with the same application. After a short interval another came with the yesterday by mistake. Could I have it as I really can not afford it?" "What?" said the vicar, "you are the fifth that has been to see me this morning with the same application, but the church warden has just told me that the supposed sovereigh is only a glided shilling."

An eccentric and well-known Viennese showman, Franz Trocker, of herculean figure and snow-white imperial, has committed suicide. Things went ill with him, and he prepared for his removal." One of his letters to his friends contained the following: "I depart today. The theatre is out, and I am going home. Let nobody deplore my going; it is not necessary. The world will not miss me, and I certainly shall not miss this hypocritical world. We must all go-some somer, others later. I go joyfully from this vale of tears. I may be a cloud-keeper in heaven or chief fireman in hell, and I would have my friends to know that I may yet be able to render the good service. I must hasten, for at \$37 my death keellstrikes. Do not be hard on me. I will say a good word for you to the Heavenly Father. I do not fear death. Greetings to my friends.

It is rarely that Lord Charles Beresford fails III, but he did so not very long ago for a short while, and Sir. Fredgrick Treves, the King's physician, was called to his

"Tell me," said Sir Frederick, "your symptoms," The hero of the "Condor" said he had a pain here, an ache there, and a stiffness somewhere else.

each of these announcements the physician exclaimed, chuckling delightfully:

When Lord Charles had concluded the enumeration of

his troubles. Sir Frederick patted him heartily upon the My dear fellow, let me congratulate you. You have the parent disease of the country. You have, you lucky

dog, a disease that heretofore was thought to be extinct." * * * * * Two subway laborers were sitting on a doorstep, after

their function, and looking out on the life of a fashionable thoroughfare, says the New York Post, "Do yer know, lift," said Pat, "if I wer worth fig. 000,000 I'd hire you any pay you \$50 a week?"

"Shure." replied Bill, "and plant would ye want me Well, yer see, Id buy a \$200,000 house and you'd come aroun' in th' mornin' of six o' the clock and wake

"That's casy enough." Bill answered: but after a mom ent ejaculated: "But in that all the job?" "Now yer gittin' down to th' fine plint. Yer see, whin you wake me up at six welock, I'd kick yer down th' stairs and holler after yer: "Git the divil out er here,

I don't hav' ter git up. I'm a millionaire

Yet another good story is told of Prince Henry of Prussia's visit to the United States. While here he made a journey to Niagura Falls. He fastened his eyes on the tumbling waters as they dashed over the cataract in one long uncessing flow, without a word

The rest of the eightneers gave nearly all their attention to him. They were prepared to hear the stereotyped expression of amassment, but so far he had said nothing.

Finally one asked the latter to inquire of the royal visitor what he thought of Niegara. "How does it im-

press his Highress? they queried. The question was put, and-after a few moments' heat-

What did be may" they select the interpreter-"his highness observed that he would have liked to have en here when it started."

Thus they all got look into the train.

ALONG THE KANSAS NILE.

The garin elevators now are as full as a woman's stocking

An Anthony man captured seventeen centipedes last week. So two legs proved better than seventeen hundred, Summer county should have no trouble in the county attorney matter. Wilson's declaration of his death was

The greatest bit of gambling ever done at the Winfield fair grounds is about to take place. A citizen will bore for oil there.

Western Kansas is the "short-grass" country, but the grass is not so abbreviated that fire-guards are not necessary this time of year.

J. A. Humphrey of Pratt carries a roll of tobacco that

he purchased fifteen years ago. This is the sort of a man the trust has to fear. Superintendent Dayhoff writes home from Jamaica, He says there is lots of ginger but mostly like that found

in August winds of Kansus. The Pratt Republican says the penitentiary is too good a place for Vaughn, the kidnapper. Maybe the Missouri legislature would do.

An Anthony minister will preach this morning on; "Is the World Growing Better or Worse" He will not alter a single member's opinion,

Wilson of Relie Plaine, talks insanely about getting water at a spring in Virginia. No need to wander now why he returned to Sumper county.

The Republican predicts trampdom as the final goal of two runaway Pratt boys. More likely it will be the president's chair of the railroad they boarded .

The election at Great Bend was tame and a Republican elected mayor. And, indeed, did you ever hear of a tame election when a Democrat got there?

The season will soon be here when nature falls to provide a sufficient supply of drinking water for Kan sas. And yet the Prohibs find fault with the people.

The Hutchinson Bee expresses surprise that a Colorado black base has been seen in the Arkansus river. It wonders at Colorado's allowing anything to come down

The Wellington Mail gives as an example of nerve in the raw state, the request of a street lecturer, that the power house furn on the lights two hours ahead of lime to accommodate him,

The situation at Wellington must be delicate. An item in two Wellington papers in the fourth colu at the bottom of the page Friday had been cut out before reaching the Engle office.

A baby girl at Wellington immediately after being pulled out of a deep well and emptied of water gave vent to a loud cry. The first cry of a new-horn habe was The Lerado story, where the young man saved his

sweettheart, will be pie for the yellow journals. They

will have a picture of the tank, the girl and the fellow, with the tank most prominent and a line of dashes show ing the young man's path from the porch to the tank of water. At Scott City, a young man rode into the country to see his girl. Starting home after dark, he found his horse very unsteady on his legs and so led him into town,

believing him sick, only to find that he had been hobbled.

day this man's wife's brother, too, will be westing his brother-in-law's socks. Atchison Globe: We hope Harry Lehr will try this on the New York Four Hundred: An Atchison merchant asked a certain well-known hay man to tend store for him a few minutes. While the merchant was out, a man came in and wanted enange for a ten-dellar bill. The fary man counted out the change, but that was all . the work he could stand, so he did not rake in the ter dollar bill, and the man walked off with it among

other money. Conway Springs Star: Conductor Clark Davis says has seen all kinds of two-legged bums ride brake-bes the blind-baggage, but he saw a snake bum a ride for the first time a few days ago. When his truin pulled into about three feet long hustled out from under the dep and wound itself around the brake-beams of the pa senger coach. It was still there after the train aparted and they did not try to pall it off-thought that if evo a snake could not stand that country it was entitled t

OUTLINES OF OKLAHOMA.

The dog-poisoner in Blackwell would better hunt his hole. The gun club is after his scalp.

When Perry gets her artesian wells to ple can go there to get a drink of good water.

Under the new law it cost just two thousand deliars to assess Garfield county. Five hundred more than last The Republican party of Oklahoma has taken its stand

for statehood without the consent of another intritory The Enid Echo is opposed to burning except in the case of the fellows who advocate a horse-car system for

As a preliminary step to securing lights the city coun cil of Blackwell voted to discontinue the lighting of all streets in the city.

Garber reports a new train service for tout town last week. Instead of coming two hours late they don't know Beginning pext Monday Clyde Nelson, formerly with the Friends' university base built team in Wichita, will

play with the Pond Creek nine. The Garber Sentinel says every one is praying for whether it brings the rain or not.

tion of about thirty acres of the school section south or El Reno for awitching purposes. It is being demonstrated that the farmers in Oklahuma who frequently secure seed wheat from more northern sections, are raising the big crope.

Recent events at Anadarko and Hotart has exused Oklahoma to stop and wipe the perspiration from her brow and reflect on the matter of fire protection. Reading some remarks in the Medford Patriot, one be

led to infer that President Roomwell possesses at least one divine attribute. He is no respecter of persons. The Aline Chronoscope says it is the rule in that

town to accommodate the man who fills up as had whiskey and goes on the war path looking for crouble. The Ponca City Courser says this is the time of the year when the own crop in Oklahoma and Kansua is destroyed and saved so often as to keep people guessing

Governor Ferguson has named the Hank of Commerce In Guthrie as depository for territorial funds to the amount of \$25,000. Four banks to the capital city take

The dogs are being killed in Ciclabims City because their owners refuse to puy dog tax. Some of these days. some wise legislator will suggest the king of posishing the owner instead of the dag. Some day the side streets and varant lots to most

of the Oklahema towns will be covered with Bermuda grass and then there will be no more of this evertaining how! about cutting the wends. Garlier is now trying to get the tools out of the bot-

tom of her oil well forms of these wall-berry saint to have a faculty of letting the total become disconnected in the Buttom of the well. The pastor of the English Lutheran church at Oklahome city will spend the month of August in the mo

tains of Colorado during which time the church will be closed. Satan will keep open at his old stands. Some of the Okiahoma farmers are building their

wheat for a fifteen or twenty-cent rise to price. It may be hard on the bread-eaters to admit it, but if snough farmers drop sents that erhome they will get the rise. The suggestion that if to belong to a great state is the only thing to be considered to Oklahoma then an-

negation to Texas to the proper thing, is a clineter of the fellows who want to wait on the Indian Territory. If the law of supply and demand regulates prices, the Hackwell News wants to know why wheat is not selling for a higher price. Because the millers can get all the wheat they want at present prices. Ask something

The Cutsboug papers are reporting the death of a child from mosquito tates. The pureots of the child were movers and camping out. French attention discoveries warrants the hellef that a great many people iones their lives from the effects of mosquito bites, but they call it